

"My Block (Remix)" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"My Block (Remix)"

Damn, take a ride to my block
My block, that's right! Hehe
'Round my motherfuckin' way

They got a nigga sheddin' tears, reminiscin' on my past fears
'Cause shit was hectic for me last year
It appears that I've been marked for death, my heartless breast
The underlying cause of my arrest, my life is stressed
And no rest, forever weary; my eyes stay teary
For all the brothers that are buried in the cemetery
Shit is scary, how black-on-black crime legendary
But at times unnecessary, I'm getting worried
Teardrops and closed caskets, the three strikes law is drastic
And certain death for us ghetto bastards
What can we do when we're arrested but open fire?
Life in the pen ain't for me, 'cause I'd rather die
But don't cry through your despair
I wonder if the Lord still cares for us niggas on welfare
And who cares if we survive? The only time they notice a nigga is when he's clutchin' on a four-five
My neighborhood ain't the same, 'cause all these little babies going crazy and they suffering in the game
And I swear it's like a trap
But I ain't given up on the hood, it's all good when I go back
Hoes show me love, niggas give me props
Forever hop, 'cause it don't stop – on my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

Now shit's constantly hot on my block
It never fails to be gunshots
Can't explain a mother's pain when her son drops
Black males living in Hell; when will we prevail?
Fearing jail, but crack sales got me living well
And in a sense I'm suicidal with this Thug's Life
Staying strapped, forever trapped in this drug life
God, help me, 'cause I'm starving, can't get a job
So I resort to violent robberies, my life is hard
Can't sleep, 'cause all the dirt make my heart hurt
Put in work and shed tears for my dead peers
Mislead from childhood where I went astray
'Til this day I still pray for a better way
Can't help but feel hopeless and heartbroke
From the start I felt the racism 'cause I'm dark
Couldn't quit, the bullshit make me represent

Hit the bar and played the star everywhere I went
In my heart I felt alone, out here on my own
I close my eyes and picture home – on my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

And I can't help but wonder why so many young kids had to die; caught strays from AK's in a drive-by

Swollen pride and homicide don't coincide
Brothers cry for broken lives; Mama, come inside!
'Cause our block is filled with danger
Used to be a close knit community
But now we're all cold strangers
Time changes us to stone, them crack pipes
All up and down the block, exterminating black life
But I can't blame the dealers; my mama's welfare check has brought the next man chrome wheels
Shit's real, I know you feel my tragedy
A single mother with a problem child, daddy free
Hanging out, picking up game, sippin' cheap liquor
Gaming the hoochies, hoping I can get to sleep with her
It's a man's world, staying strapped
Fantasies of a nigga living phat but held back
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless
Wide eyed and losing focus – on my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

And block parties in the projects lasting way past daylight
A young nigga learned to break, right?
Used to play fight with my homies, but they stuck in the pen
I send them ends, but it's tough on a friend
In my mind I see the same motherfuckers ballin'
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his call
I know the young niggas understand this
Growing up in this world where everything is scandalous
I reminisce on the fast times, past crimes
Tryin' to cop a slice of pizza with my last dime
Can't explain, just what attracts me to this dirty game
Gold chains, some extra change, and the street fame
And what's strange is everybody know my name
Swear they all know me, and lots of cash make a nigga change
I hit the green just to maintain, feeling pain
For all the niggas that I lost to the game – from my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)

Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckers that passed away
From all the blocks that I'm from
112 street, 7th Avenue, New York, Uptown, knahmsayin'?
183rd and Walt, my block – that's right
122nd and Morningside, my block – that's right
Decatur Avenue, Baltimore, my block – that's right
And the Jungle, Marin City, that's my block – that's right
Los Angeles, haha – that's my block too
Oakland, can't forget Oaktown – that's my block for sure
And all the other blocks around this motherfucker
Houston, Florida, St. Louis, Tennessee, Miami, Chicago
All y'all niggas stay kickin' up dust
Represent the motherfuckin' block

Thanks to vict0rcheung, speedy1382007, theblazedromeo, tanweer_khan for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Carl Spencer, Bert Russell, Jimmy Radcliffe

Copyright © 2000-2021 AZLyrics.com